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# THE LEHIGH BURR.

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No. 2.

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## EDITORIAL.

WE are extremely sorry to announce that Mr. George Brydges Rodney, a member of the Board of Editors from the Class of '96, will not return to College. His place upon the literary department of the Board has been filled by the election of Mr. William Carter Dickerman, of the same class, which change now leaves the office of Assistant Business Manager vacant. Its occupant must be of the present Junior Class, and the name of the man will be announced immediately upon his election, which will take place in the very near future.

THE Business Manager of THE BURR will be in Packer Hall every other Friday morning, commencing with the morning of October the fifth, to collect subscriptions.

The terms and rates of subscription are the same this year as usual, and a glance at the first page of any issue will give the needed information to those who may not be acquainted with the exact state of the case.

However, it behooves us to remark to all that, whatever its merits, THE BURR is one of the college organizations and deserves as such the support of every loyal son of our *Alma Mater*. We may safely venture to say that there is not a man in the University who does not take that amount of interest in college affairs, and in THE BURR itself, which makes

him read every issue of the college journal. Every man in college receives THE BURR, every man reads it, therefore every man subscribes for it, and let every man pay his subscription. The truth of this is acknowledged, but the ease with which a copy of THE BURR may be secured is responsible for the laxity which exists as to the practical observance of that truth.

It has been the custom of the Board to send THE BURR to every man in college and to receive the subscriptions of those who realized the fact that it is a duty to pay, and we are glad to say that the number of those so disposed has been fairly large, although the percentage they have represented of the whole college has been small.

The fact of the matter is that a man can lay his hand on a BURR anywhere. A batch of them goes, on the date of each issue, to each fraternity house, and copies go to the rooms of every student who lives elsewhere in the Bethlehems. This may not be a money-making way of conducting THE BURR, but we believe it to be the best way, both for the tone of THE BURR and for the good of the student-body.

The fact that some other fellow does or does not pay his subscription does not alter the case, and the fact that a man's room-mate subscribes for THE BURR, while he "takes" some other publication excuses neither from their duty to both. All we ask is support.

IN the report of the auditing committee of the Athletic Association it was shown, that the celebrated Track Team of the Lehigh University cost the Athletic Association, last spring, the sum of three hundred dollars. Now, every one at Lehigh is well aware of the fact that track athletics at this institution do not amount to a row of pins. For the last three years it has been thus. There are not fifty men, at the utmost, who take an interest in track athletics, but still the undergraduates remain passive and allow the Athletic Association to sink three hundred dollars in order to gratify the whims of the select few who are interested. At present the cinder path is in a horrible condition, and it will cost quite a sum to put it in order. It will also cost the Athletic Association another large sum to support an apology for a track team next spring. Instead of depleting the treasury in this manner, why does not the college as a whole abolish track athletics? The cinder path could then be sodded, and foot-ball and lacrosse largely benefited. This is a subject for consideration, and we hope that in the near future our suggestion will be accepted.

THE credit of the men in a college, as it is rated by trades-people, and in hotels and boarding-houses, has a great deal to do with the success of college organizations. When it is not good, they who suffer are not only those who lose their peace of life in dodging collectors, but every organization in college feels it, for there is hardly one which does not depend to a certain extent for support upon our fellow-townsmen, who are not in any way connected with the University, and who are inspired with no other sentiment for us than that which pure business arouses.

What Bethlehemite will attend the games on the Athletic field, or go to our Glee Club concerts, or the Mustard and Cheese shows, if he has a lot of unsettled accounts upon his books or a couple of "dead beat" boarders in his house? What hotel will provide a good

'banquet when board bills must be placed in collectors' hands? What agent for athletic goods would be anxious to clothe our teams if he finds other bills among the students hard to collect? And what dealer or business house of any kind will advertise in any college publication when the trade it brings is all credit and little pay? Not one, must be the answer to all these questions.

It is the old cry of "pay your debts," and in hard times it is louder and more harsh than ever, but it is a just plea. It is hard to walk the path of life with an empty pocket and disregard your neighbor's toes with impugny.

SOME one has said that "travel makes the man," and although we would not overlook the purpose of a college to educate one in books, yet we do believe that in connection with one's study there is nothing so broadening in an education as to lay them aside and find in reality what we study in print.

The University has long ago recognized this fact, and many passes have been secured over the Lehigh Valley Railroad to take classes to scenes of interest. This is a very pleasant recreation, to say the least, and the benefit to be gained is not only to one's health, but it makes lasting impressions upon the mind, with surer results than many hours spent upon text books. Study and observation should go united. Drawings and photographs do, to a great extent, relieve us of many journeys, but where there is the time and inclination to see the objects themselves, it is very much more satisfactory to do so.

But the extent to which this part of our education is carried is hardly in accord with what our aspirations would have us wish, and it is the almost universal plea of the student-body to have these trips more frequent. The trip of the Senior Mechanicals—to see the work at Niagara Falls—was a step in the right direction, and we hope that the privilege of visiting the scene of operation of one of the greatest of modern achievements may be ex-



tended to more of the Senior departments. There are many scenes of interest in this part of the country, and a number of instructive visits could be made.

Another privilege, and one which could with but little trouble be granted, is that of having the number limit of the passes extended beyond the exact number of members in the favored section, so that members of other sections in the class desiring to take the trips might be enabled to do so. This would be greatly appreciated by all, and also give every one an opportunity of extending his studies beyond the scope of his course.

THE committee representing the four classes, which has been working upon the construction of a practical plan by means of which an "honor system" may go into effect, has completed its labors, and it remains for the students as a body to adopt their suggestions.

But this is not all that remains to be done. We may scheme and plan and lay out the wisest and surest of methods, and provide the strictest rules for their enforcement, and yet fail in the accomplishment of the good for which we are striving. It is the spirit and not the letter of the law that must be obeyed. What we need is honor, not an "honor system." It is plain to see that the two cannot exist together. A system of detection argues the existence of a looseness of morals, which is the state of affairs that we are seeking to totally eradicate.

No one offers as an argument in favor of an "honor system" that it is a plan of coöperation of the student with the instructor, by means of which a greater vigilance may be maintained upon offenders, but yet no one can deny that an "honor system," as it has been generally put to use, is merely this and nothing more.

We repeat that what we are striving for is honor, in other words, a proper sentiment upon the question of the use of unfair means in recitations and examinations. What is necessary is the sort of feeling that would brand such an action as low, mean, and unworthy of a gentleman; a feeling such as would make an offender lose his own best friends and make him become not only so unpopular, but so despised that he would leave college after the manner of the thief who is drummed out of a military camp.

Unfortunately, that sentiment does not exist among us at present as a universal one, but, will that feeling be created and fostered by an "honor system" which recognizes the existence of dishonor and proposes hunting after it with pious wrath and a gun? It is plain it will not do so directly, but yet the benefits of the agitation and the discussion which the question of its adoption has raised have been already felt. Yet let us not suppose that the end is accomplished with the adoption and enforcement of an "honor system." Upon the men now in college it will have little or no great effect of the proper kind,—that is, a change in sentiment. The law may be enforced, as all laws are, and the spirit of the ruling and the ruled may be strong, but the spoiled and ruined flesh is woefully weak.

However, an "honor system" is a step in the right direction, and let the college adopt the committee's plan by all means. The suppression of an evil is good, but its eradication is better; and let us hope that in this case prevention may prove to be a cure.

The proper sentiment exists at a few other colleges; why not at Lehigh? The secret of the matter lies in the education of each new class that enters, to make them latter-day saints, and not in the conversion of old sinners, who never could be canonized.

# HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE

BEING SUNDRY TALES OF NOWHERE IN PARTICULAR.

## WHY JACK TRAVERS NEVER MARRIED.

JACK TRAVERS was a well-to-do business man. He had started in early in life, and had by good, hard, earnest work amassed quite a neat little fortune. He was at the time I am telling about, thirty-five years of age, and was considered a confirmed bachelor. Jack had often been asked why he didn't marry, but his answer was, "I have never thought about it. I am content as I am, and what is the use of my putting my head into the matrimonial halter?" Nevertheless, Jack did try to become a benedict, and the result was only to make him agree with the author of the old saying, "Only fools and farmers should marry." Jack's final and last attempt happened in the following way.

He was invited to spend his two weeks' vacation at the cottage of his cousin at Newport. He accepted the invitation, and one hot, sultry August day he arrived to spend a pleasant two weeks by the ocean. His cousin met him at the station, and on the way to the cottage, she informed him that her daughter Mabel had a very pretty and attractive friend, a Miss Wilkins, visiting her, and that she would expect him to make himself very agreeable to the visitor. Jack at once assured her that he would be only too pleased to do all he could to make Miss Wilkins' visit a pleasant one, and that there need be no fear on that account.

Poor Jack! Little did he know of the consequences, or he would have returned home on the next train.

He met Miss Wilkins for the first time at dinner, and was charmed with her. After dinner he proposed a walk on the beach, to

which she readily assented, and a very pleasant evening was spent down on the rocks overlooking the ocean.

The next day Jack saw a great deal of Mabel and Miss Wilkins, and so it was for a period of ten days. The three went in bathing, fished, sailed, and played tennis together in the mornings and afternoons, and in the evenings Jack and Miss Wilkins would stroll off to the rocks for a pleasant *tete-a-tete*. The result of it all was that at the end of ten days Jack was desperately in love. He was with Miss Wilkins all the time, and worked himself up to such a pitch that he determined to make a clean breast of the whole affair, to tell her of his love, and ask for hers in return.

Finally the last day of his visit arrived and he determined to tell Miss Wilkins of his love for her that night. He spent the morning and afternoon as usual, and after dinner he and Miss Wilkins wandered off to the rocks for the last time.

Everything seemed propitious for Jack. The moon was beautiful and made the ocean look like a sea of silver, Miss Wilkins looked lovelier than ever, and they had the rocks all to themselves. Finally the moon went behind some clouds, and Jack took this as a good omen and determined that this was the time to speak. She had just been telling him how sorry she was that he had to go on the morrow, how much she had enjoyed his visit, and how he had been so kind to her. She asked him not to forget her, and to think of their moonlight walks once in a while. Jack told her that he would never forget her, that the



past two weeks had been the happiest in his life, that he had in these two weeks learned to love her, and he asked her if she could not say the same.

Jack said all this and was about to say much more when Miss Wilkins called out: "Mabel! I have won my bet. Mr. Travers has proposed."

Jack was dumbfounded at hearing this and at seeing Mabel creeping around from the other side of the rocks. At last he managed to ask for an explanation, and this is what Mabel

told him. She said that she had bet her friend Miss Wilkins a box of gloves that she would be unable to obtain a proposal from him during his visit. She said she had relied on the fact that he was considered a confirmed bachelor to win her bet, and now that she had lost, would he be so kind as to get the gloves when he returned to the city the following morning.

Jack returned to business the next day, vowing never to try to leave his bachelor condition again, and he hasn't.

### AN ENTRANCE AND AN EXIT.

WHEN Robert Liscomb, familiarly known as "Bobby," strolled away from the piazza of his father's house that night, having remarked as usual that he would probably be back early, it was with no definite plan of operations in mind. He wandered down the street a considerable distance and, not meeting anyone whom he recognized, he fell into a soliloquy on the ease with which a fellow away at college can become, practically, a stranger around his home. Then he concluded he would take a turn towards the railroad station. It was one of those suburban towns some miles out of the city, where part of the life of the place centers around the arrival and departure of the trains.

While he was yet some distance from his destination, he heard someone approaching him from the rear with rapid footsteps. He slowed his own pace so that the person might pass him in the light of a near-by street-lamp, and listened. He soon caught the soft rustle of skirts, which proved conclusively for him that the pedestrian was a woman. A minute later he was somewhat surprised by a light tap on the shoulder, and a low voice inquiring if he could tell when the next train left for the city.

Bobby turned rather quickly and, before he answered the query, hastily surveyed, as well as he could in the uncertain light, the trim,

neat figure and piquant face of his questioner. Then he said something to the effect that he did not know the time, but could readily find it out. "Well, I wish you would do so at once, for I must get into the city by nine, anyway," she said.

"But my—my dear," returned Bobby, "do you know what time it is now?" He mentally implied *young lady* after that *dear* to excuse his familiarity.

"No, I don't. I don't even know when I came away," she returned.

"Well," said he, gazing at his watch by the light of the street-lamp, "it is now the bewitching hour of twenty-three and a half minutes of nine, and —."

"Oh, no! no!" she interrupted, hysterically.

"How you are going to do it," he continued, "is more than I know. Why, all the ordinary trains take half an hour to get in, though some of the expresses do it in less time. By the way, may I inquire where you are going?"

"I have to go on at 9:15."

"Oh!" said Billy, understandingly, "you are on the stage, are you?"

"Why, yes, don't you know? I am one of the 'Novelty Duo' up at the Empire," she said.

"Not that little blonde one in pink? Well, by Jove, I might have recognized you too!" Bobby had visited the Empire during the pre-

vious week. "But what are you doing here at this time of night?"

She paid no attention to his question, but said all in one breath:

"You must hurry up and find out about that train. Oh, I feel so worried! Is that the railroad station there ahead?"

"Yes, and let's go there together," said he, quickly slipping his arm within hers.

There was no objection to this move.

When the station was reached, a glance at the time-table showed that the first train available was a local, which left at 8:52 and was due in the city at 9:20. This cold fact having been gleaned there was an exclamation of "What will Lena do?" and a pitiful sobbing and outburst of tears at Liscomb's side. Now, he was accustomed to thinking that he could play the part of comforter well; and in general, his good looks and the tender ways he could assume, despite his two years on the 'Varsity eleven, gave him success in the rôle. But there was something startling about this, and he felt queerly standing with a sobbing woman on his arm in full view of the staring people in the waiting room. He mentally gave thanks because he was unknown, and finally managed to remark to his companion:

"I guess you had better sit down, and I would not cry about it."

When she was seated and Bobby had purchased their tickets, he was able to scan his new acquaintance more thoroughly. He found her face a pleasing one, but he now noticed a peculiar wild expression about her eyes. Her professional paint, some of which was still on her cheeks, showed plainly where tears had fallen. It did not conceal, but rather heightened the general wearied look of her countenance. Her dress, originally neat and effective, was somewhat bedraggled and soiled, and her abundant hair was partially down. She seemed completely exhausted and, while waiting, sat silent with eyes half closed or gazing vacantly at the walls.

Finally the train came, late of course. When

they had boarded it and found places, though she still complained of feeling badly, Bobby was able to make her comfortable, and she quickly went to sleep with her head pillowed on his shoulder. Bobby, gazing at his new charge and at the people in the car, wondered what was the matter and what the outcome of the affair was to be, and then decided "to see the game through" anyway. When he unwillingly awoke her on their arrival in the city, though at first she seemed dazed, she immediately began begging him to leave her.

"I must go at once to see Lena, and I can not possibly take you with me," she said. The idea of *her* taking *him* struck Bobby as laughable, but he restrained himself and said:

"My dear, you are in no condition to go anywhere alone, and I shall not permit it. Furthermore, I don't believe you know where you are."

"Oh, yes I do!" she replied, and, apparently forgetful of her previous entreaties, immediately added: "Come right along and take me to the elevated."

So together they proceeded up town and got off the car at the street she named. But there, as they descended from the elevated station, she seated herself on the steps, and amidst more tears and hysterical sobs stated finally that she would not go anywhere till he left her. He tried to persuade her to let him accompany her to the Empire theatre, or to take her home. She would not listen to him, however, and as a crowd was collecting, much against his will, he left her and reluctantly returned down town alone. He was considerably vexed when he recalled that he had not even learned her name or address. But the more he thought of the events of the evening the less he was inclined to be out of temper, and his last muttered comment, as he crawled into his bed some hours later, was:

"She's a stunner, but she's dead queer."

\* \* \* \* \*

Late in the following October, Liscomb happened into his friend Channing's room at

college, and there picked up a number of *The Dramatic News*. In the "Here and There" column this is what fixed his eye:

"We are pained to hear confirmed the report about Nelly Chartris, the rising young soubrette. During the summer she was with Lena Lavis in an act at the Empire, and there made many friends. But her engagement was broken owing to the continued recurrence of the demented spells to which she is unfortunately subject. We are glad to learn that she is to be placed in a private retreat, where it is thought she will be permanently cured. Her many friends are preparing a benefit for her at

the Empire on the 25th. Any who wish to render pecuniary assistance—it will be needed—may send the same to Lena Lavis, care of *The Dramatic News*."

It was some days later that Liscomb shocked his chum immensely by stating, in reply to a query as to what he intended to do with the cash won on the foot-ball game, that he intended to pay up his laundry bill. But that was a prevarication, which, let us hope, the Recording Angel blotted out in his beautiful and effectual manner.

### LEHIGH LITHOGRAPHS.

#### THE LAST "RE."

HIS room was like hundreds of its kind. The walls decorated with a few pictures from *Truth*, above his bed was tacked a '96 poster, and on his door a bill advertising a first Lehigh-Pennsylvania game, with the score painted in India ink across it. Stuck in the crack of his looking-glass was a number of photographs, and dangling from the gas fixtures a couple of dozen programmes and one or two Lafayette foot-ball tags. A lacrosse stick stood in one corner. Before the window stood a table, a pine one with a green cover. The edges had been cut here and there with a pen-knife. He was seated at the table with an open *Mechanics* before him, hard at work, for tomorrow was his last chance. His student-lamp smoked on unheeded. He felt that his future depended on the work he did that night. A clock in the next room struck two, and with a sigh, he blew out his light and went to bed.

The next morning came all too soon. On his way to the examination room, he met others going in the same direction. The only talk on the way up was whether they would have such and such a problem, and whether the "ex-am." would be easy. One would stop every now and then to look up a forgotten formula.

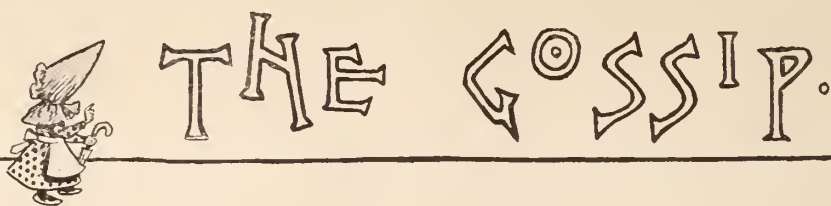
The college bell struck and they entered the room and awaited anxiously for the instructor to finish writing the paper. Our

student quickly finished four questions, and then stopped, waited and hoped for an inspiration, wondered why he had not studied the cycloid, finally tore his sheet in two, got up and went out.

On his way through the lower hall, he stopped to look at the bulletin board, more from force of habit than anything else. He lit a cigarette and sat down on the steps of Packer Hall to think. The valley was spread out before, on his right the throbbing heart of the town, on his left the hills shut out his view. He could see the river sparkling here and there through the trees. His thoughts went back to his Freshman year, the contempt that he had for "flunk outs" and to his boasts that he would never be numbered among them. He remembered the dreams that he had of commencement day. All his family were to be there, and she, whose picture occupied such a prominent view on his bureau, also. Truly his commencement day had come, but how different from his fancy. Two Sophomores passed; they were discussing the possible score in the afternoon. He reflected bitterly that this was his last game, that no more would he call himself a Lehigh man. Flunk out! flunk out! kept ringing in his ears.

Finally he got up, threw away his half-smoked cigarette and went slowly out of the college grounds.





# THE GOSSIP.

THE Gossip has had an interview with the soon-to-be president of the University, the Honorable J. Meyers. He found Mr. Meyers in the faculty room where he was familiarizing himself with the duties of the office he is about to assume. When The Gossip told Mr. Meyers of his object, he at once gave him a warm welcome, and consented to tell The Gossip what changes he would make in the working the University after assuming control. Mr. Meyers said the first change would be in regard to compulsory chapel. He would change this immediately. Compulsory chapel was not in accordance with his views of modern Christianity. The student should be given freedom in church matters as in other things, and compelling him to attend chapel was not just. He would make chapel optional, and then the attendance would be on account of a devout Christian spirit alone.

The system of holding re-examinations would also be changed, said Mr. Meyers. Hereafter every man on entering college will be compelled to pay the sum of fifty dollars. From this sum will be taken the charge for re-examinations, and "re-exams" are to be two dollars apiece. As the sum paid in to the University by this plan will be considerable the University will invest it and thus get the interest. On graduation the balance due a student will be paid to him. When asked if the money was likely to be put in Lehigh Valley stock, Mr. Meyers said, No, decidedly.

The putting of elevators in Packer Hall and the Electrical Laboratory would be a change thoroughly appreciated. It would cause better recitations on the part of the students, as it has been proven that a man's knowledge

decreases as the steps mounted increases. Mr. Meyers, then looking at his watch, remarked that he would be obliged to discontinue the interview as he had to see a friend. He said, in parting, that he expected to give a reception to the different classes at the brewery after becoming president, and he would also have a wine supper for the editors of THE BURR on account of their many favors.

\* \* \*

The Gossip believes it would be a good idea for the Athletic Association to hire a man by the year to take charge of the athletic grounds and keep them in good order. It would not cost the association very much, as it would only amount to about a day's work a week for such a man. The advantages of hiring a man by the year are manifest. The rate per days' work would be cheaper, and it would save the bother of having to hunt up a man every time some work must be done. The man hired could make it a point to go to the athletic grounds the first of every week, to see what work is to be done, and do it during the remainder of the week, by working a couple of hours each afternoon after having stopped his regular work for the day. The Gossip respectfully recommends the above to the consideration of the authorities.

\* \* \*

The Gossip heard a rather amusing story the other day which is too good to keep. The Sophomore Mechanicals were on their first visit to the Bethlehem Iron Works, and entered the big mills with awe. With eyes and ears wide open they were ready to see and hear and

believe, with their own conclusions, whatever came before them.

One of the student party spied a "donkey" engine near the side wall of one of the mills, and asked the guide (a Lehigh alumnus, by the way, THE GOSSIP has heard) what it was for.

"That?" the omniscient conductor replied. "Oh, that is an engine which *pumps steam* from this building over into the next."

The ignorance which swallowed this explains what happened later. The party came near the foundry and passed a pile of black-painted

wooden patterns of gear wheels and other machine parts. A mill hand of magnificent physique went up to the patterns as they passed, and with a heave raised one of a gear wheel six or seven feet in diameter upon his shoulder and walked off with it.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed an awe-struck Sophomore, who thought the wheel the real genuine iron article, "What strength that man must have. We ought to get him on the foot-ball team, sure."

### CLIPPINGS AND COLLEGENOTES.

#### WE HAVE ALL BEEN THERE.

"My boy, you look weary and wan;  
You are working too hard with your Greek.  
To try, from constructions obscure,  
Some plausible meaning to seek."

"No, no," he wearily said,  
"The meaning I plainly can see;  
But I'm worn out trying to make  
The text and the pony agree."

—S. W. P. U. Journal.

#### THAT DEPENDS.

When a pair of red lips are upturned to your own,  
With no one to gossip about it,  
Do you pray for endurance to let them alone?  
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

When a sly little hand you're permitted to seize,  
With a velvety softness about it,  
Do you think you can drop it with never a squeeze?  
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

When a tapering waist is in reach of your arm,  
With a wonderful plumpness about it,  
Do you argue the point 'twixt the good and the harm?  
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

And if by these tricks you should capture a heart,  
With a woman's sweetness about it,  
Will you guard it, and keep it, and act the good part?  
Well, maybe you will—but I doubt it. —*Yale Lit.*

"Pray answer me this  
What shape is a kiss  
O maiden most charming and fickle."  
"Why, sir," answered she,  
"It seemeth to me  
That I surely should call it  
A lip-tickle."—*Ex.*

#### MY FAVORITE PICTURE.

My walls are thickly hung with pictures  
And prints from classic masters, old and rare;  
Madonnas, Venuses and Psyches  
Smile lovingly around my study chair.

And oft when I am sad and weary  
I gaze upon their faces sweet and calm,  
And feel an inspiration stealing  
And pouring in my soul its soothing balm.

But one to me is far more charming  
And from the face a light more radiant streams;  
A little photographic likeness,—  
To many insignificant it seems.

Yet when the paintings fail to cheer me,  
Fondly I take this from its velvet case;—  
Then all the world is joy and hope and brightness  
Reflected from *her* sweet and loving face.

—*The Brunonian.*

—The University of Chicago has chosen scarlet as its color.

—There are now 916 students at Leland Stanford, Jr., University.

—About 40 men are trying for positions on the Phillips-Andover eleven.

—Twenty-two Yale graduates are at present coaching foot-ball teams.

—Cornell offers more fellowships than any other college except Columbia.

—"The Latin salutatory has been abolished at Amherst," is an interesting item that is now going the rounds of the college press.



—The following rather staggering question was recently asked by one of the enterprising members of '95: "If the *Review of Reviews* reviews the reviews, what review of reviews will review the reviews which review the *Review of Reviews*?"—*Stevens Life*.

—In regard to the inter-collegiate records for the thirteen principal track and field events, it is interesting to note that Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and U. of P. each hold three, while the thirteenth was made by a Washington man by a jump of 23 feet and 6 inches.

#### RUDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY

is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send two stamps for circular and Free Sample to MARTIN RUDY, Registered Pharmacist, Lancaster, Pa. NO POSTALS ANSWERED. For sale by all first-class druggists everywhere.

#### →\*THE LEHIGH SPOON.\*←

*We have just completed a New Spoon for the College. The bowl is made in the form of a foot-ball, the handle contains a base-ball and bat, rope for tug-of-war, and a pennant in brown enamel with the letters L-e-h-i-g-h brought out in white. Your inspection is earnestly requested.*

E. KELLER & SON, Jewelers,

711 Hamilton St., Allentown, P.

September 12, 1894.

Our stock for Fall and Winter, 1894-'95, is now ready in all departments.

Brooks Brothers,

Broadway, corner 22d Street,

New York City.

Clothing and Furnishing Goods  
Ready Made and Made to Measure.

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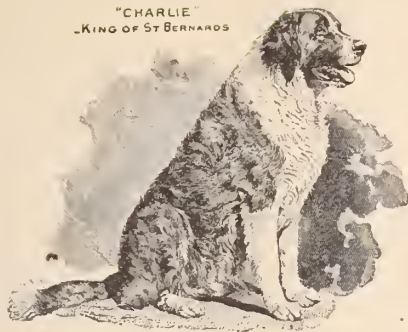
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—There has been a plan made to found in the city of London a university equal in all respects to those at Oxford and Cambridge.

—President Schurman recently stated his determination to abolish all hazing at Cornell, and added that, if necessary, he would expel a whole class to enforce this rule.

—Professor J. W. P. Jenks, emeritus professor of Agricultural Zoölogy, and curator of the museum at Brown University, died suddenly of heart disease in the museum last Wednesday.

—The new gymnasium and armory at Madison will be in readiness for use this Fall. It is the finest building of its kind in the West, and but few universities in the world can boast of a more complete equipment. The ball ground is also being raised and graded.

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